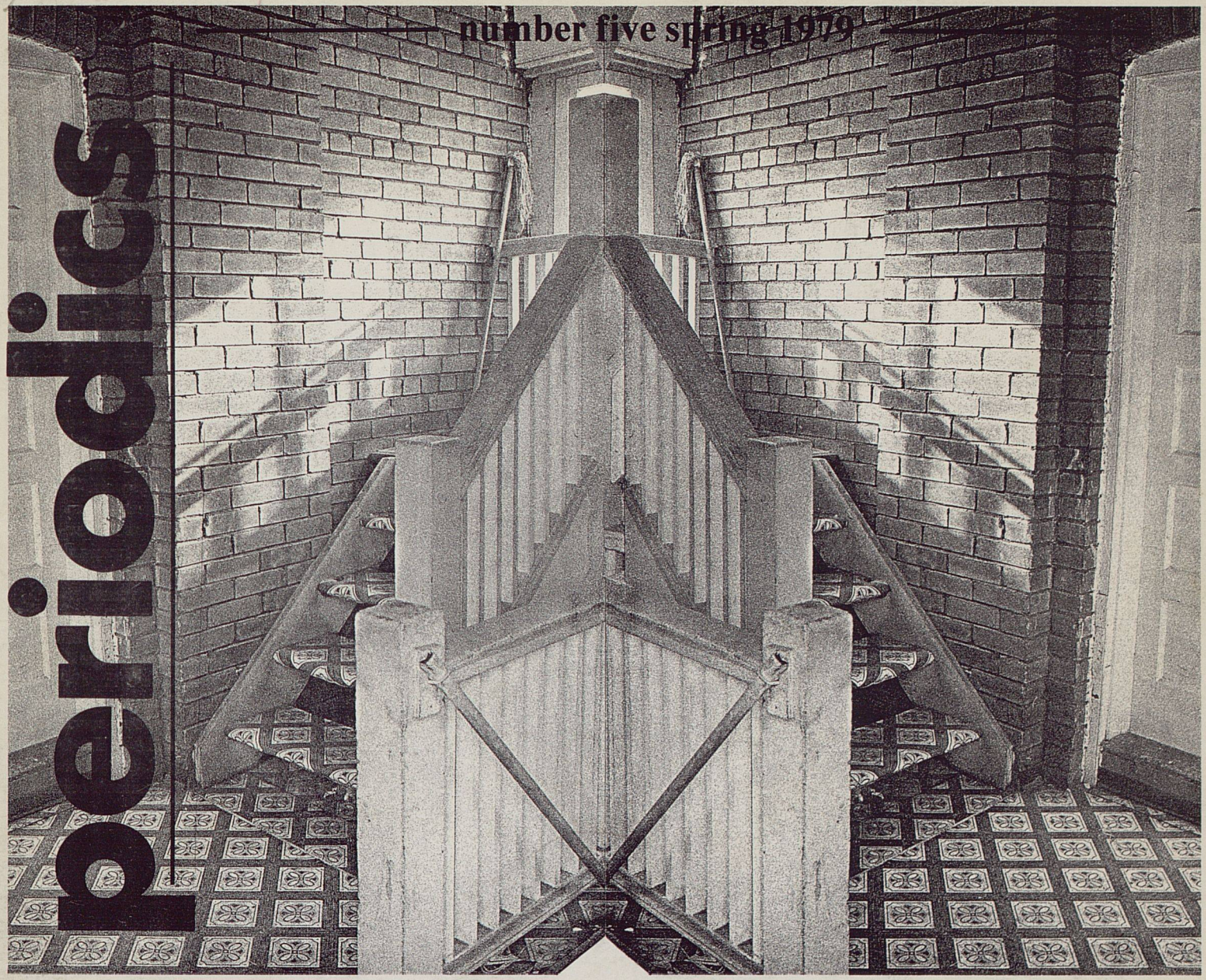


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number five spring 1979

# periodics



# periodics

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**A Magazine Devoted to Prose**

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**Paul de Barros & Daphne Marlatt**  
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# *from* **Blood and Guts in High School**

Three times a day the evil Persian slave trader unlocks the room, enters it, beats Janey up, and teaches her sex tricks. He's training her to be a whore. Otherwise, there's nothing. Held prisoner by this evil slave trader. . . somewhere in New York City. . . Janey lies on her lonely cot and writes a book report on THE SCARLET LETTER:

## **A BOOK REPORT**

"We all live in prison. Most of us don't know we live in prison.

'A throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments, were assembled in front of a jail.' They were waiting for a woman named Hester Prynne to walk out of the jail.

All of them even the hippies hated Hester Prynne because she was a freak and because she couldn't be anything else and because she wouldn't be quiet and hide her freakiness like a bloody Kotex and because she was as wild and insane as they come.

Long ago, when Hawthorne wrote THE SCARLET LETTER, he was living in a society that was more socially repressive and less materialistic than ours. He wrote about a wild woman. This woman challenged the society by fucking a guy who wasn't her husband and having his kid. The society punished her by sending her to jail, making her wear a red 'A' for adultery right on her tits, and excommunicating her.

Nowadays most women fuck around cause fucking doesn't mean anything. All anybody cares about today is money. The woman who lives her life according to non-materialistic ideals is the wild anti-social monster; the more openly she does so, the more everyone hates her. Women today don't get put in jail for being bloody pieces of Kotex—only streetwalkers and junkies land up in jail, jail-and-law now being a business like any other business—they just starve to death and everyone hates them. Physical and mental murder help each other out.

The society in which I'm living is totally fucked-up. I don't know what to do. I'm just one person and I'm not very good at anything. I don't want to live in hell my whole life. If I knew how this society got so fucked-up, if we all knew, maybe we'd have a way of destroying hell. I think that's

what Hawthorne thought. He set his story in the time of the first Puritans: the first people who came to the northern North American shore and created the society Hawthorne lived in, the society that created the one we live in today.

Another reason Hawthorne set his story in the past (in lies) was cause he couldn't say directly all the wild things he wanted to say. He was living in a society to whom ideas and writing still mattered. In 'The Custom House,' the introduction to THE SCARLET LETTER, Hawthorne makes sure he tells us the story of THE SCARLET LETTER occurred long ago and has nothing to do with anyone who's now living. After all, Hawthorne had to protect himself so he could keep writing. Right now I can speak as directly as I want cause no one gives a shit about writing and ideas all anyone cares about is money. Even if one person in Boise, Idaho gave half-a-shit, the only book Mr. Idaho can get his hands on is a book the publishers, or rather the advertisers cause all businessmen are now advertisers (notice what the history of ideas has developed into: ideas in the service of money), have decided will net half-a-million in movie and/or TV rights. A book that can be advertised. Define culture that way.

You see, things are much better nowadays than in those old dark repressed Puritan days: anybody can say anything today; progress does occur.

It's possible to hate and despise and detest yourself cause you've been in prison so long. It's possible to get angrier and angrier. It's possible to hate everything that isn't wild and free. A girl is wild who likes sensual things: Doesn't want to give up things being alive: rolling in black fur on top of skin ice-cold water iron crinkly leaves seeing three brown branches against branches full of leaves against dark green leaves through this the misty gray wanders in garbage on the streets up to your knees and unshaven men lying under cocaine piled on top of cocaine colors colors everything happening! one thing after another thing! . . . you keep on going, there are really no rules: it doesn't matter to you whether you live or die, but every now and then there's a kind of territory and you might get stuck; if you get stuck that's O.K. too if you really don't give a shit, but who doesn't give a shit! Loving everything and rolling in it like it's all gooky shit goddamnit make a living grow up no you don't want to do that

The Massachusetts sea-coast in the middle of the seventeenth century looked the same as it does now: WILD. Trees and bushes and weeds and wind and water. Trees and bushes and weeds and winds and water are always moving every moment the whole world is a totally different world air rides over shivering water so those water areas shiver harder grow darker below the water hit the

sharper rocks harder splash! foam appears. And disappears

My father told me the day after he tried to rape me that security is the most important thing in the world. I told him sex is the most important thing in the world and asked him why he didn't fuck my mother. In Hawthorne's and our materialistic society the acquisition of money is the main goal cause money gives the power to make change stop, to make the universe die; so everything in the materialistic society is the opposite of what it really is. Good is bad. Crime is the only possible behavior.

Hester Prynne, Hawthorne tells us, had wanted to be a good girl. I remember I wanted to be a good girl for my father. Her loving husband sent her to the New World to prepare a way for him. Travelling in those days was dangerous—there were no roads—and husband never showed up. Two years passed. Hester was being a good dead girl. Suddenly a little unsuspected extatic crazy-making overtaking wildness like a big King Viper spreading his hood, rising up and spreading overtaking everything, that's what love's like, snake-insane rose up in Hester she fucked. Pregnancy made her wildness or evil (that's the religious word for *wildness*) public. The child was the sign of her nastiness and disintegration and general insanity.

Hawthorne gives us a description of motherhood in the fucked-up society: All the people around Hester hate her and despise her and think she's a total freak. The kid's beyond human law and human consideration. How do you feel about yourself when every human being you hear and see and smell every day of your being thinks you're worse than garbage? Your conception of who you are has always, at least partially, depended on how the people around you behaved toward you. You sense the people around you aren't right: what you did, your need, you weren't defying them to defy them, it was your need, was O.K. You don't know. How can you know anything? How can you know anything? You begin to go crazy.

Hester's just stepping out of prison, out of prison, out of prison, but this is worse: huge staring eyes, whispers, her child laughed at mocked, she's a woman, this isn't reality, the eyes turn around and around she can't be who she is, when suddenly she sees her long-lost husband.

This husband is now called Rober Chillingworth.

The top cops are screaming at Hester: 'You hideous woman.' 'Look at the hideous woman.' 'Who did the hideous woman fuck?' 'You're such a nice hideous woman, we know you didn't mean to do the tremendously horrible thing you did, just pretty please tell us who you fucked. We know what'll make you feel better.'

Hester's husband's a scholar. A scholar is a top cop cause he defines the roads by which people live so they won't get in trouble and so society will survive. A scholar is a teacher. Teachers replace living dangerous creatings with dead ideas and teach these ideas as the history and meaning of the world. Teachers torture kids. Teachers teach you intricate ways of saying one thing and doing something else.

The top cops start laughing at and mocking Hester and telling the crowd to laugh at and mock Hester cause she won't tell them who her baby's father is. Hester's acting out of love.

This husband, being a teacher, is a zombie and a ghoul. He sees his wife being tortured by lots of people, he sees his wife in pain in agony, he sees his wife nursing a strange kid, and he doesn't feel anything. He just wonders, intellectually wonders, who the kid's father is.

A final scene focusses this swirling horror. The young handsome Reverend who everyone thinks is gentle, honest, and kind takes up the spreading mockery and hatred and vomiting and says to Hester: 'You are the worst piece of trash-cunt whoever lived, no one will ever ever love you, there will be no more love in your life because, mainly because, you won't tell us who your bastard's father is.' Hester can't reply cause the guy who's screaming at her is the guy who fucked her. How can HE scream at her? All that she has left of the world: her memories disappear. Do you understand what reality is? She begins to go crazy. . .

Boppy doppy doopy wah yahyah mm. Is that what you think craziness is? Are you scared you're going crazy? Do people who go crazy freak you? Look sweetheart

I woke up in my attic that the winds swept through and all the world was gray and black. I saw pine trees covering the gray sky and sea, tall trees, boats, tall trees, boats.

I walked along a highway. I was looking for a place to sit down, for some grass I could walk in, for a wood I could explore. I walked for hours. All the land on both sides of the highway, cultivated and wild, was private. I had to keep walking on the highway. I thought that people today when they move move only by car, train, boat, or plane and so move only on roads. They perceive only the roads, the map, the prison. I think it's becoming harder to get off the roads.

I live on a desert island. It's a nice desert island. I like it here. This is what I do: I eat; I sleep; when it rains and gets cold, I hide under some rocks. I like it here. But I'm getting bored. . . What can I do? I can repeat what I see. I can draw this old gray trunk lying flat across a valley of sand. I can draw the rotten trunk and make it look different. People got cures for polio and syphilis by

imagining. People have and can change the world. In the beginning, on the desert island, the world was totally beautiful. Today in my room in New York City the world is horrible and disgusting. What the hell happened?

I don't want to be a slave, I don't want to be a whore, I don't want to be lonely and without love for the rest of my long life. I've got to find out how I got so fucked up:

Hester and her husband are sitting, after the torture, in her prison-cell. Her husband has come inside to make her well again. He's a doctor.

'Fucking's the most wonderful thing in the world.' Hester is crazy.

'I want to fuck you right now,' her husband replies.

'Ugh. I wouldn't fuck you if you were the last man on earth. You make me sick to my stomach.'

A slight grimace crosses his face, but he manages to suppress it. 'Remember when we used to fuck? By the fireside in Amsterdam.' Tears appear in his thin eyes. 'You'd lay your head on my lap and we'd look into the fire'

Hester's thinking the most wonderful thing in the world is to fuck a man you love. God she wishes she had it right now. Loving a man and being right next to him: naked against him naked there's no need to talk: naked wet warm his face his skin naked wet warm his thick lips glazed eyes you're on top of him naked wet warm never let you go the peace of the world never never never

'I'm the guilty one,' the husband says. 'If I hadn't sent you alone to America, you never would've done this horrible inhuman thing.'

'Oh I'm the guilty one.'

'I hate you now. I don't even hate you. I just want nothing to do with you. You're not to reveal that you have ever known me or had anything to do with me. Whatever love and affection occurred between us is now dead. We're dead people.'

Fucking with love must be the gift of God. His eyes his nose his hot breath the shadow under his neck his thick arms the fat around his sides the bones sticking out of his thighs his cock waving in that mess of hair I want him so much I'm going crazy. I want his eyes I want his nose I want his hot breath reeking all over my body I want to stick my tongue in neck I want his arms around me I've forgotten what it's like to want a man I roll my hands in his fat and bite it and rub my dying-to-come hips against the bones sticking out of his thighs so maybe maybe I'll come that way his cock if I could just touch his cock just for a second, I don't want to touch it more than that, a quick kiss, wet and slimy, don't take me away from it, don't take me away from it you creep meanie: this is my home

‘Who’s your brat’s father?’

‘I love him. I’m not going to tell you who he is.’

‘I’m going to find out who he is. I’m simply interested who he is. I am one of the most brilliant men in America and Europe and can learn anything. I’m going to find out who he is!’

She shivers before this example of the divorcement of body and mind. She’s seeing terror and hatred and hypocrisy beginning to spread over the earth.

‘Don’t you tell anyone who I am.’

WHEN SOMEONE’S IN PAIN, HE CRIES OUT.”

One day Janey finds a Persian grammar book stuck in a corner of the room and slowly begins to teach herself Persian. She writes the following poems:

# THE PERSIAN POEMS

by Janey Smith

from BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL  
© KATHY ACKER, 1977

## THE PERSIAN POEMS

جانى	Janey
جانى دختر است	Janey is a girl.
جهان سرخ است	the world is red.
شب خیابان تنگ است	night is the narrow street
و کوچه تنگ	and the narrow side-street.
جانى بچه اوست	Janey is a child.
جانى بچه گران است	Janey is an expensive child,
ولی ارزان	but cheap.

(, "ع") links two entities:

شبِ جانى	Janey's night
شبِ سرخ	the red night

شبِ جهان	night-world
جانِ خراب است	Janey stinks.
جانِ در اتاق است	Janey is in a room.
کوچک است	The room is small.
(Ezafe (,)) can join more than one entity:)	
فرهنگِ خراب است:	Culture stinks: books
کتابهای بزرگانِ صنایع	and great men and
ظریفه	the fine arts.
زنانِ زیبا	beautiful women
(The suffix ی (ی) means indefiniteness:)	
زنی زیبا	a beautiful woman
شبِ سرخ	a red night
خیابانِ بیابان	a deserted street

(or, note the change in construction:)

زنی زیبا	a beautiful woman
شبِ سرخ	a red night
خیابانِ بیابان	a street is a desert.

Janey's all alone in her room. She's learning Persian slowly:

(Certain adjectives are deviant: they precede their nouns. No ezafe (,) used here:)

این دهقان	this peasant
آن دهقان	that peasant
خوب دهقان	good peasant

(Note the endings here :)

خوبتر درهقان a better peasant.  
 این درهقان از آن خوبتر this peasant is better  
 است than that one.

خوبترین درهقان the best peasant.  
 (or:)

بهتر درهقان a better peasant.  
 بهترین درهقان the best peasant.

(The word خوب (good) is deviant:)

بهترین درهقان این the best peasant of  
 دموکراسی this democracy.  
 این درهقان از همه this peasant is the  
 بهترین است best of all.

یک اتاق بیشتر نیست

(is not) (more) (room) (1) this is the only room,

Janey wrote,

صندلی چیز دیگر نیست

(is not) (other) (a thing) (chair) there is only a chair.

(there's no word for "cot":)

جانای درهقان است Janey is a peasant.

جانای گران است Janey is expensive,  
 ولی ارزان but cheap.

درهقان خیابان است the peasant is the street

زبان language

زبان معزول کردن to get rid of language

• • • • •

Janey hates prison.

(Two vowels can't come together. Put a hamze

or ۛ (ء or ی) between two vowels :

More specifically: After ل... or و..., put ی

when suffix begins with آ :)

صو hair مو یان hairs

بانو woman بانوان women

(notice exception)

مو یان تازه هست و There are fresh hairs and

بانوان تازه هست there are fresh women.

there are new hairs and

there are new women.

(After ی..., do nothing when suffix begins آ :)

ایرانی Iranian

ایرانیان Iranians

علی Ali

ایرانیان سیاه هست There are black Iranians

ولی علیان سیاه but there are no black

نست Ali's.

سر head

سر کثیف dirty head

سر کثیف سیاه dirty black head

(After ا..., put گ when suffix begins آ :)

بچه child

بچه گان children

بچه گان این شهر the children of this city.

(After ل... or و..., put ی when suffix begins آ :)

بانو woman

بانورُ a woman

بانورُ سرکٹیف سیاہست a woman is a dirty black head

جانر سیاہست Janey is blind,

Janey kept writing,

(: ای... do nothing when suffix begins ی... After)  
صندلی و اطاق و پنجرہ there's a cunt and

و پنجرہ و پنجرہ هست a prick.

صندلی chair

طاق room

پنجرہ wall

(: (ئی...)) ی... (or a hamze over the ye)  
یک صندلی و یک اطاق و the only thing is a

یک پنجرہ و یک پنجرہ cunt and a cock.

و یک پنجرہ بیستر نیست

(: ای... when suffix begins ای... use a... or add After)

صندلی و اطاق و پنجرہ و A wonderful man whose

پنجرہ و پنجرہ هست large prick is in Janey's

cunt says to Janey "I  
love you."

(: (،) ezafe with suffix starts When)

بانو بو the woman of smell

بو بانو the woman's smell

مو جانر Janey's hair

صندلی جانر Janey's chair

خانه the house

خانهٔ جانی Janey's box

داشتن to have

خریدن to buy

خواستن to want

دیدن to see

آمدن to come

زدن to beat up

خوردن to eat

گرفتار کردن to rob

بردن to kidnap

کشتن to kill

دانستن to know

(Past stem: cut off the "-an" (ان) : )

داشتن have

خریدن buy

خواستن want

دیدن see

آمدن come

زدن beat up

خوردن eat

گرفتار کردن rob

بردن kidnap

کشتن kill

دانستن know

(Present stem: (۱) Verbs ending "id" lose "id":)

...خر buy

(12.) Verbs ending nd, rd, ad, ud lose the d:)

...خور eat

(13.) Verbs ending ft, st lose the t:)

...کش kill

(14.) Verbs ending est, eft, oft, and ad lose this syllable:)

...دان know

(15.) Irregulars- most of them:)

...دار have

...خواه want

...بین see

...آ come

...ز'ن beat up

...گیر rob

✓ ...بر kidnap

داستر جانر to have Janey

خرید'ن جانر to buy Janey

خواستن جانر to want Janey

دید'ن جانر to see Janey

آمد'ن جانر to come Janey

ز'د'ن جانر to beat up Janey

خورد'ن جانر to eat Janey

گیرفتن جانر to rob Janey

کشتن جانر to kill Janey

دانستن جانر to know Janey

(Translate Into English:)

I listened to the smoldering ship's engines that were carrying me along, and relaxed. I shouldn't have. I should have grabbed a buoy and jumped overboard; and flagged down a passing tramp to carry me straight back to the Athens Hilton and the airport.

1. آیا سر سیاه اینجاست؟

1. Is there a black head here?

2. بلی خانم (جانی) نزدیک است

2. Yes Mrs (Janey), it's near.

3. این سر مال جانی نیست

3. This head isn't Janey's. (Lit. This head isn't the property of Janey.)

4. خیابانها سیاهست بزرگترین و فاحش‌ترین جایی  
ولی آن تیزتر خود

4. The streets are black. You haven't fucked for a long time. You forget how incredibly sensitive you are. You hurt. Hurt hurt hurt hurt hurt. You meet the nicest guy in the world and you fall in love with him you do and you manage to get in his house and you stand before him. A girl who puts herself out on a line. A girl who asks for trouble and forgets that she has feelings and doesn't even remember what fucking's about or how she's supposed to go about it cause she wasn't fucked in so long and now she's naive and

stupid. So like a dope she sticks herself in front of the guy: here I am; understood: do you want me?

No, thank you. She did it. There she is. What does she do now? Where does she go? She was a stupid girl: she went and offered herself, awkwardly, to someone who didn't want her. That's not stupid.

The biggest pain in the world is feeling but sharper is the pain of the self.

soul خور (doesn't exist →)

fate وقت

5. آیا گوشت تازه هست؟

5. Is there any fresh meat?

6. بل خانم ولی گوشت از آن مار جانی بهتر است

6. Yes Mrs, but your meat is better than Janey's.

7. آیا وقت هست؟

7. Is there any fate?

8. بل خانم وقت از آن مار جانی بهتر است

8. Yes Mrs, your fate is better than Janey's.

9. همه مردم راضی اند

9. "All the people are content."

10. جانی راضی نیست

10. Janey is not content.

11. کوچکترین عمارت این خیابان خانه جانیست

11. The smallest building on this street is Janey's cont.

12. این کارگر بزرگترین کارگرانی ایران است

12. This worker is the biggest in Persia.

13. اکثریتِ مردمِ کارگر یا دهقان اند

13. Most people are workers or bums.

14. خیابانها سیاهست

14. The streets are black.

15. آیا گوشت تازه هست؟

15. Is there any fresh meat?

. . . . .

جانری دانستن to know Janey

(Review what you've learned:)

بابا father

ببین see!

بابای من ببین see my father!

بابای من وفات است

my father is dead.

بابای من آبیست

my father is blue.

این بابای من است  
تن

this is my father.  
body

تن من ببین

see my body!

تن من خاز است

my body is life.

تن من تب است

my body is hot.

این تن من است

this is my body.

خانه

cunt

خانه من ببین

see my cunt!

خانه من بَر است

my cunt is empty.

خانه من سرخ است

my cunt is red.

این خانه من است

this is my cunt.

"I go crazy when I want to fuck a guy, Hester thinks to herself. How will any man ever love me? How can I be happy if a man doesn't fuck and love me? But look at Pearl. She's happy and she doesn't fuck.

Pearl's four years old. She's as wild as they come. *Wild* in the Puritan New England society Hawthorne writes about means *evil anti-society criminal*. Wild. Wild. Wild. Going wherever you want to go and doing whatever you want to do and not even thinking about it 'Why did you get stoned?' the Persian slave trader asked me this morning. In 'primitive' 'wild' societies like Haiti the word 'why' doesn't exist. Pearl, according to Mr. Hawthorne, wears hippy clothes and runs around in the forest and makes no distinction between what's outside her and her dreams. On the whole she doesn't make many distinctions. She doesn't know human beings exist. Sometimes she senses human beings exist. She senses a black vertical mist that's a wall pressing into her as if on top of her. She wants to scream. She feels helpless.

She doesn't like people much.

She notices Hester her mother. Once she notices someone she'll stick by that person she'll open herself up she is soft and totally hurttable that's what being wild is. (Secretly.) (Privately.) Cause once you're open like that you're a real person cause you're no longer separated from other people. It's dangerous. Whatever happens to you happens to the ones you're connected to. Whatever happens to them happens to you. It's scary and dangerous to open yourself to someone. Not that you ever have any choice.

The townspeople think Pearl's evil because she lives off the roads. 'No man will ever love a woman like you when you grow up,' say the townspeople. 'The roads are our civilization. They're the order men have impressed on chaos so that men's lives can be safer and more secure and, thus, so that we can all progress. Human life gets better and better.'

The roads are getting so super-paved and big and light and loaded with BIG MAC'S and HOWARD JOHNSON'S that the only time people are forced in danger or reality is when they die. Death is the only reality we've got left in our nicey-nicey-clean-ice-cream-TV society so we'd better worship it. S & M sex. Punk rock. Don't you know, you can step into the snow, the raging ocean and the freezing snow, you can step into danger. . . anytime you please. . . step into me. . .

The government, the big multi-national businessmen, the scholars and teachers, and the cops are

the people who maintain the roads. The scientists, philosophers, and artists are the people who build the roads. Everyone's a slave.

'Who can I talk to?' Hester screams.

These most important men in the world decide it's their duty to tear the mother away from her child. They want to keep the child so they can train the child to suck their cocks. That's what's known as education. 'Who can I talk to?' Hester screams.

The Reverend Dimwit (the young handsome Reverend) raises his hand. Reverend Dimwit is the best student in the school. 'Let Hester keep her child.' The cops ask him why. He thinks up a phoney excuse: 'The child is the visible sign of the woman's sin and so will keep reminding the woman of her sin. That way we can be assured of the woman's continuing and deepening punishment.' The top cops, who don't have any feelings, accept this lousy logic. (Anything's acceptable as long as it's logical.) But evil Chillingworth, the builder of the logic road, wonders why the Reverend is helping Hester. Nothing in the world, Chillingworth thinks, will be unknown to me. I am totally self-sufficient. I never ask anyone's advice. My plots and manipulations are all-potent. Chillingworth sneakles his way into the Reverend's heart, but he doesn't give his own heart away. This is friendship and love in the fucked-up society.

A couple is one who loves plus one who lets love. Couples make up the townspeople world. If you're not part of a couple, you don't exist and no one will speak to you you outcast. Go to hell outcast. Outside the road. Don't you know there's nowhere to walk anymore unless you're walking to somewhere? Now if you shut up and stay non-existent and don't act like the freak you are, maybe in two years we'll notice you and tell you our neurotic problems cause we have lots of neurotic problems, but don't ever expect to be invited to one of our parties.

I, Hester, am a red house lost in the thickening mist. One of my sides is clearly visible. The red one. The other side is hazy. I'm not sure if it's real. There's a little light I don't know anymore where it's coming from. Everything that isn't touching my eyes is gone. Not blacked out, just gone into the dark mist that's blotting out everything. The mist goes back and back. . .

Everyone I know lives on the roads. They're creepy crawling snivelling things. I don't want anything to do with them. Ugh. I hate people. I can be alone. I can close myself up. I won't let anyone get near me. I think I'm off the road, but I'm dominated by fear and hatred. I'm as closed-up and fucked-up as everybody else. I am hell. The world is hell. 'No it isn't!' I scream, but I know it is. Hell. Hell. Hell. Hell. Help. Help me. Help me. Love me.

'The fullness and breadth, the clear entirety of this hell and therefore its limitations,' Reverend Dimwit then says to Hester, 'will appear and be fully apparent the moment we become conscious of the secrets in our hearts.'

I can't work. I can't move.

All I can do is sit here and wait for his call.

Listen you creep, you dimwit

I want to write myself between your lips and between your thighs. How can I get in touch with you? You don't answer your door and you don't answer your phone. I think you're a creep

I want to fuck you Dimwit. I know I don't know you very well you won't ever let me get near you. I have no idea what you feel about me. You kissed me once with your tongue when I didn't expect it and then you broke a date. I used to have lots of fantasies about you: you'd marry me, you'd dump me, you'd fuck me, you were going again with your former girlfriend, you'd save me from blindness. You'd. Verb. Me. Now the only image in my mind is your cock in my cunt. I can't think anything else.

I've been alone for a very long time. I'm locked up in a room and I can't get out. Because I've been locked up in this room so long whatever desires are arising in me are rampaging around everywhere as wild and fierce and monstrous as gigantic starving jungle beasts. I don't know how to talk to people, I especially have difficulty talking to you; and I'm ashamed and scared cause I want you so badly Dimwit.

I know you no longer want to see me cause I'm so anti-social and awkward. How can I learn to talk better? How can I learn to love you more so I can give you what you want?

Teach me how to talk to you. *WANT*. Is my wanting you so bad, wanting your cock so bad, wanting the feel of your lips on my lips just me being selfish and egotistic? Is wanting horrible and has to be put down and repressed?

Teach me a new language:

'Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll.'

'Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll.'

'The night is red.'

'The night is red.'

'The streets are deserted.'

'The streets are deserted.'

'The children in the city are going insane.'

'Rock-n-roll is rock-n-roll.'

'The night is red.'

'The streets are deserted.'

'The children in the city are going insane.'

'The children in the city are going insane.'

'Rock-n-roll IS rock-n-roll.'

'The night is all around me and it's black.'

'I can't even see the streets from my room:  
how would I know if they're deserted?'

'How can I tell the difference between sanity and insanity? You think in a locked room there's sanity and insanity? Anyway I don't know if there are any children anymore. Maybe they went out of fashion.'

TEACH ME A NEW LANGUAGE DIMWIT. A LANGUAGE THAT MEANS SOMETHING TO ME.

Hello, Hester. Would you like to go out to dinner with me?

Dimwit.

HAWTHORNE SAYS PARADISE IS POSSIBLE.

When I was a child, I would go as far out as possible and jump around and throw my arms around and all the stars are turning. The winds are blowing through me. My arms and legs are winds. Slowly, the whole universe is starting to revolve like a giant wheel. This wheel isn't a thing: it is everything. Everything is on the surface. That everything is me: I'm just surface: surface is surface.

Whirling and whirling and whirling.

The sun in the country is hot. When there are no clouds, day after day, it beats down without mercy. Then the winds start. The winds stop start change directions speeds second to second. In one hour the air temperature drops or rises 30 degrees. The seagulls rush into the dock, cackle and hoot perhaps to each other there's no way we can tell in their low voices. The winds rise and waves, appearing out of the water, lash against the blackening dock.

Whirling and whirling and whirling.

HAWTHORNE SAYS PARADISE IS A HEART THAT OPENS UP AND BECOMES A HEART.

Everything takes place at night.  
in the centers of nightmares and dreams,  
I know I'm being torn apart by my needs,  
I don't know how to see anymore.

I'm too bruised and I'm scared. At this point in THE SCARLET LETTER and in my life politics don't disappear but take place inside my body.

I have to figure this out: I have certain characteristics from childhood traumas etc. Since I never had real parents, I never knew who my father was and my mother didn't give a hoot about me (I wasn't brought up, I just grew up like a wild plant), I want love affection the sort of love and affection you get from a parent rather than a jealous lover, and especially a father.

I grew up wild, I want to stay wild.

The first older man I ever fucked rejected me and his rejection put me right back into childhood desperation craziness and made me physically sick.

O.K. These are characteristics. I can either do what I want to (satisfy my characteristics) or not bother.

Doing what I want to is dangerous cause I can get really hurt. So I lie to people. I say 'I love living alone' 'I fuck around a lot.' But I really want what I want. These aren't passing emotions. These are my characteristics.

By *love* do I just mean satisfaction of the needs created by my characteristics?

Obviously I have to change my manner of life in some large way. And I have to do so in accordance with my needs.

I can't live a slave in a locked-up room forever.  
Think more on this:

Dear Dimwit,

I'm so scared that I'm not thinking anymore. I want to do whatever I can to make you happy. If you don't want to fuck me, that's O.K. If you want to fuck me once a month like you do all your other girlfriends that's O.K. I'll do anything so I can keep knowing you. I think you're the

most interesting man I know even though I'm very scared of getting hurt by you.

Dear Dimwit,

Now you're gone from my life. You're not here. Go fuck yourself cause I hate you. I know you don't need me. I hurt. I'm stupid.

Hester begins to break out of the prison of her mind when she starts to do something for someone beside herself despite whatever her emotions may be. Chillingworth while pretending he's curing and loving Dimwit is instilling poison in Dimwit's soul. Like Hester Dimwit hates himself. Like Hester Dimwit is conscious he doesn't understand what's happening. Hester sees Dimwit's going crazy and in deepening torture.

When you start to do something for someone else, you start to perceive that you're the cause of all the pain in the world and that only you can do something about it. So Hester tells Chillingworth she's going to tell Dimwit who Chillingworth really is. Chillingworth says if she does so, he'll tell everyone Dimwit is her bastard's father and Dimwit will die.

Robot fucking. Mechanical fucking. Robot love. Mechanical love. Money cause. Money cause. Mechanical causes. Possessiveness habits jealousy lack of privacy wanting wanting wanting. Is that all you think I mean when I say I care about you? At least give me a chance to learn and find out who you are.

This is a plea.

See. I think it's so easy. I throw away my 'A'. But my body goes crazy, night comes and my body goes crazy, I stick my third finger in my cunt, no no that doesn't help, where is relief? Could pick up some young boy. Young boys are candy; they're not relief. You are relief, but you're in my mind: you're my characteristics again: I want relief. I want to know who you really are.

My body aches and aches and I remember who I am.

Hester tells Dimwit Chillingworth is her husband and hates Dimwit. According to Hawthorne, as soon as Hester does this, as soon as her ego-obsessions are beginning to break up (this is why psychiatrists stink: they focus you even more on your ego-obsessions rather than helping you turn away), she and Dimwit and the society around them begin to move from prison to being free.

Then Hester falls back into herself. You see, I know I'm selfish. She's going to fuck Dimwit, she's going to have Dimwit forever and forever, the moon and the stars in the sky, pluck them out

with your hand, put them in your pocket and keep them, a dream of a limitless world, of the sun and the moon and the stars. As far as I can go. Love love love. Want want want. This is a message to myself. You are pursuing your own desires and your own desires are BORING.

Dear Dimwit, I WANT TO LEARN.

Dear Dimwit,

This is the plan: We're going to run away from here and live happily ever after. We're going to be able to fuck each other however we want to as much as we want. There's a pirate ship sitting in the harbor. When that pirate ship leaves in four days, we'll be pirates on it, sailing to Persia. In Persia everyone does whatever they want.

I won't ever impinge on your freedom Dimwit. You can sit on the faces of as many Persian girls as you want to, you can stop fucking me, you can have Turkish coffee and hash with me only once a month: I want you to do what you want as much as I'm doing what I want. I want to love you madly so I'm loving you madly. I hope you don't mind

Once upon a time there was a materialistic society one of the results of this materialism was a 'sexual revolution.' Since the materialistic society had succeeded in separating sex from every possible feeling, all you girls can now go spread your legs as much as you want cause it's sooo easy to fuck it's sooo easy to be a robot it's sooo easy not to feel. Sex is America is S & M. This is the glorification of S & M and slavery and prison. In this society there was a woman who freedom and suddenly the black night opens up and fucked a lot and she got tied up with ropes and on upward and it doesn't stop beaten a lot and made to spread her legs too wide the night is open space that goes on and on, this woman got so mentally and physically hurt she stopped fucking even though fucking is the thing to do. not opaque black, but a black that is extension This woman was really tied up. One day a and excitement and the possibilities of new man tried to fuck the woman. She loved him

consciousness, consciousness.

desperately so she wouldn't let him touch her  
open her find her all gooky and bloody and screaming  
don't you see it?

and angry hurt pain inside. Tell me how are the  
right here. more important than any desperate  
lobotomy children supposed to act? How are  
love desperate possibility of going out farther,  
the children who imbibed acid and downs and dex and  
going out and out as far as possible  
horse before they were born, who walk through the  
going out as far as possible in freedom  
radioactive rain, how are they supposed  
going out as far as possible in freedom  
to act? Tell me now why am I scared to fuck  
going out as far as possible in freedom  
you Dimwit? I'm all alone in outer space.  
going out as far as possible in freedom,  
I'M ALONE. THE SHIT WITH DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN CRAZY AND SANE. DOES  
ANYONE KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Dear Dimwit: There's really no plan. I don't understand what's happening. I don't know how  
to talk. I like you.

Dear Hester: I don't want to run away with you and become a pirate. I just want to save my  
soul.

Yours,  
Dimwit

The shit hits the fan and everything becomes chaos and wild again. There are no more secrets.  
Dimwit ascends the scaffold, the prison, the place of punishment, caught at the height of agony,

about to orgasm, and says I'm the guy who fucked Hester. I'm the one you've all been looking for.  
I'M A CRIMINAL.

THE SCARLET LETTER is the best book I've read locked up in the Persian slave trader's room and I think everyone should read it. I'm not going to tell you the ending of the book and spoil it for you. I think the author Nathaniel Hawthorne felt that his readers should have fun reading his stories. He didn't think anybody'd learn anything.

Hawthorne is a writer.

Writers create what they do out of their own frightful agony and blood and mushed-up guts and horrible mixed up insides. The more they are in touch with their insides the better they create. If you like a writer's books read his books, the books aren't pure suffering; if you want to publish/help the writer, do it business-like, but don't get into the writer's personal life thinking if you like the books you'll like the writer. A writer's personal life is horrible and lonely. Writers are queer so keep away from them. I live in pain, but one day, Hawthorne said, I'm going to be happy I'm going to be so happy even if I'm not alive anymore. There's going to be a world where the imagination is created by joy not suffering, a man and a woman can love each other again they can kiss and fuck again, (a woman's going to come along and make this world for me even though I'm not alive anymore). for the criminals, the agony of being rejected and yet I will keep on being rejected, because I will live only by my dreams for those who being dreamers in this fucked-up society must be unhappy criminals,

the lonely, the royal fuck."

Kathy Acker